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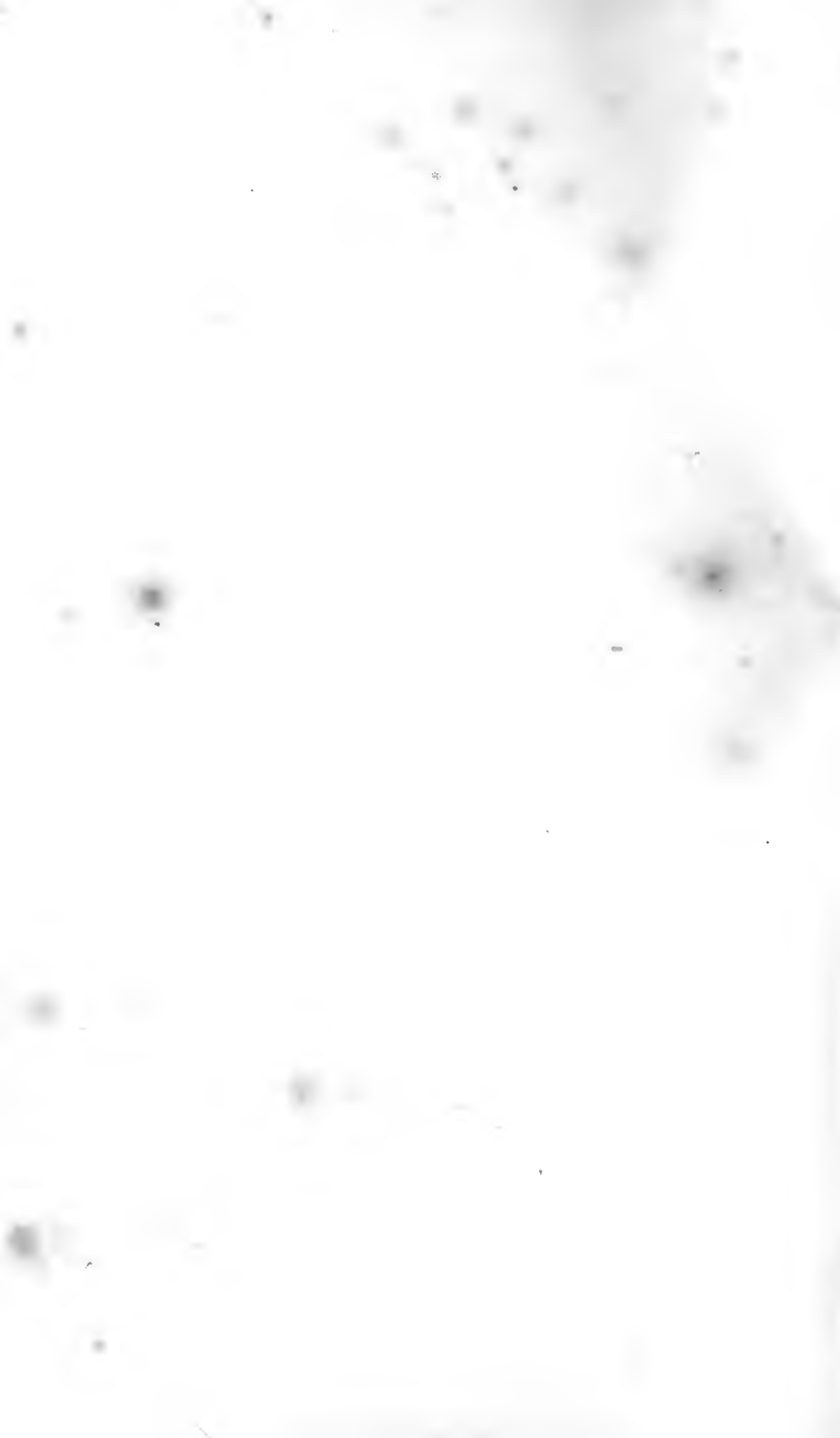
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Thought and Reverie

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THOUGHT
AND
REVERIE.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER,
AUTHOR OF "STRAY LEAVES," &c., &c.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Poets and the Scholars are at issue. Their moot-point is the necessity of Metre. "Wherein," cry the Scholars, "lies its use? If a man has any thing to tell the world, why not tell it in the language of a man? The language of a man knows not metre."

The Poet replying, declares Poetry and Poetic Diction to be identical. Emerson says, "It is not metre, but metre-making argument, that makes a Poem." And of the Poet, he tells us that he,

"Through worlds and races, and terms and times,

"Saw musical order and *pairing rhymes*."

Carlyle insists even more stoutly on the inseparability of the inner Music from the outer Song. Lowell, a more superficial essayist, puts the matter thus, "Metre and Rhyme are like the skin of the grape. The thought is the pulp. The one is needed to hold the other together in a compact and beautiful shape. We may throw it away, if we will; but often the chief spirit and flavour of the fruit is to be pressed out of it."

Siding with the Poets, I have penned the contents of this volume in Metre: have endeavoured to arrange

"In musical order and *pairing rhymes*"

such fresh Thoughts and the fruit of such pleasant Reveries as seemed to me worth the hoarding.

W. S.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Silenus 	5
Heart Spectres 	7
Heart and Soul 	8
The Cant of Death	11
The Poet's Creed 	13
My Broken Meerschaum	17
A Lover's Rhyme 	19
The Hempen Cord	20
Birthday Verses 	23
Ingoldsby's Apotheosis 	24
The Haunted Room 	25
A Thought of Haydon 	26
The Spirit of the Age 	27
Thoughts 	29
Midnight in a Library 	29
A Revolutionary Lyric 	30
A Sketch from Nature 	32

THOUGHT AND REVERIE.

Silenus.

A leafy nook deep in a forest old,
By Autumn's hand with mellow tints embrowned,
Odourous of fresh flowers in unsunned mould
And fruits core-ripened scattering the ground.
There old Silenus lingering deftly crowned
With ivy-leaves a wine cup which he bare
Of antique structure ; about which were found,
Ensculptured with a quaint, voluptuous air
The loves of Bacchus and Ariadne the fair.

A type of earth the merry roysterer seemed,
An emanation from its fruitful rest,
No intellect beneath his eyelids gleamed,
But with enervate ease were they possest,
And drowsily his head sank on his breast.
Ruddy and shining were his cheeks, as glows
An apple that the red sun hath imprest
With its own hues ; and from his brow uprose
Two polished horns which scarce did his elf locks
disclose.

Slowly he raised his head and looked around,
Then with distended nostrils listening stood,
Catching, by some rare instinct, the faint sound
Of distant echoes in the slumbering wood,
Or, it might be, instinctively subdued
By a superior presence; till his ear
Prest forth distinguished in its earnest mood
A rustling of crisp leaves and branches sear,
And then the pattering of footsteps drawing near.

Two bright eyes gleaming through a screen of leaves,
Three little fingers white and delicate,
A bosom that with pleasure panting heaves,
A dainty foot half prone to hesitate,
And then, (amid a shower of blossoms,) straight
A lovely form into his presence burst,
A form with radiance of soul innate,
Whose image aye through life's wild tumult nurst
Had charmed the purest heart and purified the worst.

Her beauty was the beauty of the soul,
Pure, passionless, as an unworded thought,
Endowed with rarest power to control
All meaner things with grovelling passions fraught.
Her eye the glory of her soul had caught,
And every feature in its lustre shone
Like a fair statue by a Phidias wrought,
That, charmed to life, the master-mind had won,
Stood she by Passion's breath unsoiled, unbreathed on.

Thus met they in the forest side by side,
The sensous and the spiritual being,
Matter in noblest guise personified
With Mind's least rare developement agreeing.
Back started he, as from her presence fleeing,
Yet with no power of flight in any limb ;
She with eyes strained as doubting their own seeing,
Trembling and breathless mutely gazed on him,
The while around them gathered twilight sad and dim.

Heart-Spectres.

Who fears a sheeted spectre
Up the Hall-stairs gliding slow ?
Or a Warrior lone, half steel, half bone,
In the Tower that rocketh so ?
The purblind Nurse, the infant heir,
But not a Man, I trow.

Not from without, but from within,
Come Spectres to appal,
The heart alone is the haunted Tower,
And goblin-trodden Hall,
Where shadows of the Long ago
Upon the Present fall.

There youthful feelings, from the death
Of Youth itself revived,
And buried Hopes and wasted Thoughts
In Memory's charnel hived,
Starting unsummoned into life,
Wander like souls unshrived ;

And stalwart men of dauntless mien,
Of iron nerve and limb,
Knowing of Fear but as a name
For something vague and dim,
Pause at its portal as 'twere watched
By Flaming Cherubim.

Heart and Soul.

I.—HEART.

"A face like any blessing."—*Don Quixote*.

In the depths of the green forest
Where the gloomy shadows dwell,
Upward springs a merry streamlet
From its hidden well,
Dancing lightly, bubbling brightly,
On its course it flows,
Full of life and zest and motion,
Singing as it goes ;

Never for an instant pausing
In its mad career,
Never sullen, never weary
Doth its face appear.
Looking forth on Life and Nature
With a joyous eye,
From the green earth drawing freshness,
Brightness from the sky ;
Seeing but the cloud's fair lining
And its rain-bowed crest,
By joy's alchymic process gilding
All Creation's breast.

MARIANA ! MARIANA !
Throw thy elfin locks aside,
And upraise those silken lashes
Drooped in mocking pride ;
Let thy features, fixed demurely,
Like a flower expand,
And the sunshine of thy spirit
Gleam forth warm and bland !
Let thy cheeks, to rose buds dimpling,
Deeply crimsoned glow,
And from out that pearly cavern
Worded music flow.
Then upon thy merry presence,
Let me look, and deem
Thou art the warm-hearted Naiad
Bending o'er the stream.

II.—SOUL.

“Fair as women in the idea are.”—*Cowley*.

Cradled among mighty ruins,
Ivy-grown and grey,
Sleeps a lake in placid beauty,
Changeless day by day ;
Like the mystic eye of Nature
Gleams it, brightly blue,
As its depths had caught, up-gazing,
Heaven's own favoured hue.
Softly smiles the sun upon it
With its smile of gold,
And the moonlight resteth on it,
And the star-beams cold.
Soul-like in its calm depths, it is
Freed of earthly leaven,
Shadowless save with the shadows
That are born of Heaven.

Wherefore, peerless ALETHEA,
Do my senses reel and swim,
Surcharged with beauty as a lily
Dew-filled to the brim ?
Wherefore, like soft shadows gliding
O'er the moon's pale face,
Comes thy presence as the semblance
Of that lake I trace ?
Blending with its solemn beauty,

With its being fraught,
A sister grace, a Venus rising
From a sea of thought !
The spirit of the Beautiful
Still varying types may find,
But each to each is linked, and all
Unto the human mind.
Thus the power to know and feel it
Doth with man abide,
The Eve, the one grace spared of Eden,
Ever by his side.

The Cant of Death.

"Toll, toll for the dead," ha! ha!
"Toll for the dreary dead."
Yes, solemnly use the casket, now
That the gem it held is fled;
With jealous care the body lay
To mix ere long with its parent clay,
Since the soul it held hath fled.

"Weep, weep for the dead," ha! ha!
"Weep for the child of earth."
Knowing his fate why wept ye not
The moment of his birth?

Ye knew that each passing year would pave
His pathway to the mouldy grave ;
Yet wept ye not his birth ?

“ Mourn, mourn for the dead,” ha ! ha !
“ He hath taken to his rest.”
Why mourn him, then, since he hath won
The portion of the blest ?
Weary and worn he laid him down,
Seeking that peace which from life long flown
No more his wanderings blest.

“ Pray, pray for the dead,” ha ! ha !
“ That his soul may rest in peace.”
Be a form of words read o’er his grave
Ere the tolling bell shall cease.
We lower his corpse to the unctious sound,
The clay will rot well in the holy ground
When the shivering priest shall cease.

“ Close, close o’er the dead,” ha ! ha !
“ Be the green turf lightly laid
“ On the noble form in which so long
“ A *soul* its home hath made.”
Be sure that decay ere long will own
That dainty form, since the spirit flown
Far hence its home hath made.

The Poet's Creed.

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT AMONG THE RUINS OF A
RELIGIOUS EDIFICE.

Potent Enchantress! With thine icy smile
Bathing these ruins in a silvery light,
So cold, so chilling, that the inmost soul
Shudders instinctively. A thousand years
Have passed into oblivion since this pile
In all its rude magnificence arose.
Beneath the pale reflection of thy gaze,
A world in miniature, a lone retreat,
Where from the strife and turmoil of the world
The weary one retiring sought repose,
Or rich in holy confidence expired.

A thousand beads told on Time's rosary,
A thousand deep pulsations of the heart
Of our great mother Nature, and I stand
Where cowed monk and virgin devotee,
The willing victims of a blighting creed,
Oft kneeling wept in bitterness of soul
O'er memory's blotted page; or musing leant
Beside this oriel window, looking forth
On the broad plain of heaven scattered o'er
With golden dust from the bright chariot wheels
Of the all-glorious sun.

And thou, fair Queen,
Still in thy virgin splendour lookest down,

Unconscious of the changes that are wrought
In this decaying pile. Through the long aisles
The night wind moaneth with a ghostly sound,
Like the faint echo of low muttered prayer.
Along the walls where costly arras hung
(The choice embroidery of a maiden's hand)
The rustling ivy now unheeded steals,
Thriving upon decay; while in each nook
Framed for rich statues long since torn away,
The hooting owl hath made his hiding place,
And like a hermit dwells. And where are they,
The lonely outcasts in life's wilderness,
The weary ones by sad experience taught
That solitude lurks not in cloistered walls,
But in the busy haunts of daily life,
Where the fond heart o'ercharged with love for all
Seeks in the selfish crowd to find a friend,
And failing, pines alone? They are no more.
The forms they wore are scattered to the wind,
Their names, their acts, the follies of a dream,
Have perished all.

And thou, bright orb,
Thou who hast gazed unmoved upon all this,
Proud in thy fancied immortality,
The hand of Time is outstretched over *thee*.
His mighty fingers shall ere long be closed
To crumble *thee* away! What, then, shall stand
What shall rejoice in its eternity,
Exalted high o'er all created things,—

If thou art mortal, too ?

A spirit voice
Wild and unearthly as the sounds that thrill
From Memnon's lyre, steals softly o'er my soul.
"Look to the HUMAN MIND ! That cannot die.
Ages have failed to work a change in that,
For in it are the elements of life.
In one short moment, by a flash of thought,
What forms instinct with grace can it produce !
What vast creations in embryo lie
Up-coiled within its caves ; yet it is but
A mirror wherein dimly shadowed forth
The universal Mind reflected lies,
Being imbued with the same powers in kind,
Though differing in degree, and bearing still
An immortality within itself.
This truth of old the Sages understood,
And in the semblance of the Phœnix showed
The mystery to man, bidding him mark
How that as ages crumbled into dust
From out their ashes bird-like rose the Mind,
Still undestroyed, and in its nature still
Unchangeable, unchanging. 'What,' said they,
'What is the little world whercon we tread
But an embodied thought ? A particle
Called into birth by all-pervading Mind ?
The Thought flashed forth, and lo ! it rolled in space,
The marvel of an instant. So, perchance,
Another thought may crush it, and again

Restore chaotic gloom. Vastness alone
Distinguishes the universal Mind
From the less-daring human one. The first,
The aggregate of all creative power,
Doth by its own innate volition mould
All matter to its will, triumphing like
The mighty wind that issuing forth unseen
Rouses the waters from their sullen rest
To its own potency. The second, weak
And in its slight proportions impotent,
Conceives but cannot body forth its thoughts,
Having no power upon the elements
Whereby it is subdued, and seeming more
Like the soft breath of a reposing child
That idly struggles to displace in sport
The ringlet from its cheek. Yet all is Mind,—
Mind that howe'er diffused and parcelled out,
Shall, reuniting, in the end resolve
The universe into its elements,
And leave all space,—a void !”

Voice of the night,
Soul-breathing utterer of mysteries,
Not uninstructed from thy presence, I
Turn to the world again, inspired as he
Who sleeping in a Sybil's cave beholds
The marvels of the Spirit-land disclosed,
And Worships Truth all radiant and unveiled.

My Broken Meershaum.

A PENDANT TO AN "ODE TO MY MEERSHAUM," PUBLISHED
IN THE AUTHOR'S "STRAY LEAVES."

Like the wand of Prospero,
Buried, crushed and broken,
Like the "Open Sesame!"
Forgotten ere twice spoken,
Art thou, my ancient Pipe, to me,
Bereft of all thy potency,
A relic piteous to see,
A sad and solemn token.

Ne'er in wand of Sage or Seer
Mightier magic slumbered,
Merlin's own of direr pests
No charm'd land disencumbered ;
The fearful giant hight Despair,
With his brother monster Care,
And Want, and Grief, and Sorrow were
Among thy conquests numbered.

In the desert thou could'st raise
A bright enchanted palace,
And to lips half fainting hold
A nectar-bearing chalice ;
While from out thy deep bowl rolled
Visions glorious to behold
Unbought by mines of glittering gold
Untouched by envious malice.

Like a star of steady ray,
The wanderer's heart's delight,
As darker grew the sky of life
Gleam'd'st thou forth the brighter,
Cheering ever, failing never,
Striving on with one endeavour,
Misery's dark wiles to sever,
Or to smile despite her.

Life hath roughly passed with me,
Passed in want and sorrow,
But I long have learnt of thee
Joy 'midst grief to borrow ;
Sure that like the diver's leap
For the treasures of the deep,
Though peril now its reign might keep,
Ease, wealth, would come to-morrow.

With this lesson in my heart,
And thy sweet breath twining
Around my path, I never yet
Dreamt of vain repining ;
But I gaze upon thee now,
With a pained and troubled brow
Since *for ever* lost art thou,—
Lost to life's declining.

Yes, we two are parted hence,
In a moment parted,
And I view thy shattered form,
Sad and weary-hearted.

At the well of pleasure now,
With a helpless look I bow,
Since my cherished draught-cup thou
From my grasp hast started.

A Lover's Rhyme.

By the constant unison
Of the heart in thought to one
It is glad to look upon,
By the death of all desires
That heart-frosting Self inspires,
By a never, never ending
Sympathy and secret tending
Of all thoughts, and wishes too,
One object ever fresh and new
To the vision it doth bless
With a sense of happiness
Never felt but in that presence,
Whose being is its life and essence ;
By a never slumbering care
For its pleasure and welfare,
A care that doth with years incline
To render it a sacred shrine,
Sacred to one Devotee.
By a feeling that to be
Accepted there would all repay,
Should Fortune, Fame, Friends pass away,
And their memories decay.

By these feelings and sensations,
By a thousand more,
Nameless in their indications,
Yet a priceless store,
Doth True Love its presence show ;
By these tests ye may it know
Surely as ye may the advent
Of the coming spring,
When the heart floats like a bubble
And the thoughts take wing
To untrodden nooks, where Poets,
Face-shaded, lie and sing.

The Hempen Cord.

I.

We crown thy temples, Phantom Bard,
But with no earthly flowers,
No dewy fragrant blossoms reared
In earth's untainted bowers.
More dear to that demon heart of thine
Is this hempen cord our fingers twine,
That christened in blood as it burst its seed,
To Death and his service was aye decreed
Doing his mission, bound to his will,
A woven curse only fashioned for ill,
That nourished on blood at birth loveth it still.

II.

Down by the copse and through the elms
There passed two human creatures,
This warm of hand, *that* warm of heart,
Yet both with placid features ;
They paused to look on the setting sun—
But when it had sunk there stood but one !
One with a wild and fiendish mien,
The other lay 'mid the herbage green,
And the hemp's young leaves just bursting to view
Were dyed with the drops of crimson hue
The gash on his bared breast slow oozing through.

III.

A year,—and he who trod the hemp
When *that* red sun was sinking,
Now paced his new won castle walls
With bare head deeply thinking ;
The hemp in the field had thriven and grown,
But not so swift as the thorns that, sown
In his guilty breast by remorse, o'errun
That dreary waste, choking one by one
Each feeling of kindly growth that strove
To pierce the sharp bonds around it wove,
Each feeling of charity, penitence, love.

IV.

In that castle's chapel old,
Whose gloom made stout hearts falter,

The bridegroom waited to receive
 His pure child at the altar.
In the bridegroom's hand his child's he placed.
Why started the youth, and grew horror-faced ?
Why flashed his eyes, and why scowled his brow,
As he muttered, " Fiend ! I have tracked thee now,
" The jewelled dagger thy belt doth bear
" Is that my father was wont to wear
" Ere his blood dyed the hemp-field. Ho ! seize him,
 there."

V.

Seen in the cold grey morning light
 Half in mist enshrouded,
Upon the castle's topmost height
 Were four dark figures crowded ;
One with hands cross'd on his bosom stood,
One with a haughty disdainful mood,
Unheeding of her who knelt praying for grace,
And one with a cord, and a mask on his face.
A mist from the valley obscured the scene,
It passed, and three stood where four had been ;
One swung by the hemp he had blood-dyed when green !

VI.

We crown thy temples, Phantom Bard,
 But with no earthly flowers,
No dewy fragrant blossoms reared
 In earth's untainted bowers.

More dear to that demon heart of thine
Is this hempen cord our fingers twine,
That christened in blood as it burst its seed,
To Death and his service was aye decreed
Doing his mission, bound to his will,
A woven curse only fashioned for ill,
That nourished on blood at birth loveth it still.

Birthday Verses.

TO M. J. A., WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS.

In those ages, of which Sages, in their pages
Tell us,
Ere to ladies Love betrayed his power or made his
Votaries jealous,
On a birth-day morning
Siren slumber scorning,
Youths with flowers laden
(While the dews winked o'er them)
Hurried forth to pour them
At the feet
Of the sweet
Yet half awakened maiden.

'Twas a practice, which, the fact is, to detract is
Folly

But such wooings and such doings shock our viewings
Melancholy ;
We the rite have banished,
But though it hath vanished,
Still affection's ready,
Not with clustered roses,
But with rhymed posies,
Such as I
Heartily,
Thus present thee, lady.

Ingoldsby's Apotheosis.

Flooding the forest with a golden light,
 Uprose the red moon from a sea of trees,
 Revealing every object to the sight
 Distorted in grotesque varieties,

And full before it bent the antic shape
Of tricksome PUCK, night-loving imp of mirth,
Beside a spectral form still prone to earth,
That chuckling strove a saintly mien to ape.

A burst of silvery laughter, loud and clear,
Proclaimed the advent of some crowning jest;
Then, while its echoes broke the night's deep rest,
With eager haste those well-known tones to hear
I started up, and as the vision fled,
I knew, I felt, alas! that Ingoldsby was dead!

The Haunted Room.

Shadow on shadow, and shade on shade,
Till the room grew dark with the gloom they made
And the red moon gleamed as if veiled in a cloud,
Softly they came, and silent they stood,
Each shadowy face, 'neath its dusky hood,
Each sinewless form in its air-woven shroud,
With never a breath and never a sound.
In the silence of night they stood around,
Each with its outstretched arm and hand,
A solemn, silent, shadowy band !

Rosily couched 'midst the silence and gloom
An infant slept in the haunted room,
Slept, with its budding form half hid
'Neath the folds of the silken coverlid,
Its fresh face flooded with a tide
Of tresses in the sunlight dyed,
That made with all their wealth of light
A softened glory in the night.
Its large full eyes of deepest blue
Their sensitive lids half-bursting through,
Yet coyly shrinking from Night's dark view,
Making us wondering muse if they,
Hued like the eye of Heaven by day,
By night grew dark and starred with it.
Scarce seemed its soft mouth to emit
A breathing sound, till, like a flower,

(Daintily closed through a summer shower)
It oped with a smile and shed around
The fragrance of one long-drawn breath
That passing left the lips ice-bound
Laugh-parted 'neath the touch of Death.

Shadow by shadow, and shade by shade,
Silently out from the room they fade,
Silently into the breathless night,
Leaving no record, no trace of their flight,
Save that the young mother entering soon
Gazeth, and stareth, and stoopeth low,
Over the first born she loveth so ;
Then with a sickening sense of woe,
Sinks to the earth in a sudden swoon.

A Thought of Haydon.

Mourn not for Haydon ! Twine not for his urn
One wreath of cypress or sepulchral yew,
Though he a fearful deed hath dared to do
The bitter burden of a life to spurn.

Mourn not for Haydon ! Why should we repent
That with a Roman* mightiness of soul,
A God-like energy, he dared control
And make stern Death a slave to his intent !

* Suicide was in some cases regarded among the Romans as a virtuous act. Shall we hold a less charitable opinion towards poor Haydon ?

His potent will hath conquered ! He hath burst
The bonds that held a mighty spirit here,—
A spirit that for heavenly airs athirst
Loathed its existence on this gloomy sphere,
And spreading forth its glowing wings to flight,
Left, as it sped afar, a track of golden light !

The Spirit of the Age.

WRITTEN ON THE OPENING OF A NEW CHURCH.

Awake ! Dull dreamer by the ingle nook,
Hand-folded mourner of departed days,
Arouse, and let thy soul exultant look
Where yet fresh altars from the dark earth blaze !
The Spirit of the Age still yearns for good,
Still struggles bravely with the earthly leaven,
And from the shadow of its idle SELF
Turns to the holier life that is of Heaven !
The fury of the zeal that hot for good
Sought for it e'en in evil has passed o'er ;
But the zeal lives, and living tempered, makes
Devotion what was Bigotry before.

Yes, it has learnt to choose " the better part,"
Learnt at the pen-point what the sword ne'er taught,
That Truth is pure, albeit unwashed in blood,
And Faith is unctuous, though with life unbought.

Thus in the sunshine of a purer creed
It seeks new temples for its adoration,
Loathing the structures by oppression raised,
The altars black with hate and desecration ;
It seeks new temples, where no echoes moan
O'er wrong and treachery and secret crime,
Where Heaven's own light illumines ; nor brooding floats
The darkening shadow of departed Time.

And it *will* have such temples through the land,
Will bend Art, Wealth, and Skill to its control,
'Till thickly clustered as the stars of night
They rise to gladden the desponding soul.
E'en now the seed is sown, the fruitful soil
Is pregnant with the harvest of our hopes,
And true hearts beat and watchful eyes grow bright
As flow'r by flow'r with SELF's rude blight-breath
copes.

Awake, then, dreamer by the ingle nook,
Hand folded mourner of departed days,
Arouse, and let thy soul exultant watch
Where yet fresh altars from the dark earth blaze.

Thoughts.

By the calm waters of the Inner-soul,
Like timid deer reposing, lie the thoughts
That hallow human life. Shrinking, they fly
E'en at the breath-tones of the voice that dares
Their presence summon. But in holy hours
When peace descends on us, and in the heart
No passions thunder, oft the Poet's art
May woo them from their haunts, and hap'ly link
With amaranthine wreaths, their gentle forms
To never-dying Words.

Midnight in a Library.

With a faint tremour of the lip and hand,
A vague uncertain consciousness of dread,
Amid these relics of the mighty dead,
At this lone, awe-inspiring hour I stand,
While trembling Fear describes an airy band
Of disembodied spirits lingering
About the earth-wrought works to which they cling
Still fondly even in the Spirit land.
There is a rustle as of tremulous wings,
The air grows hot and stifling, while the ear,
O'er sensitive with an excess of fear,
Is haunted by unearthly whisperings !

Strange sights, strange sounds, strange feelings, mock
each sense,
Oh ! Mind, where is thy might, thy power, thy presci-
ence ?

A Revolutionary Lyric.

With the wine-flush in her cheek,
With the lust-light in her eye,
Out into the troubled night
Goeth wanton FRANCE to seek
For *Ignis Fatuus* light
She hath christened Liberty.

In the shadow, in the gloom,
Follows she a siren-song,
That thus breathing through the night
Woos her to a nameless doom,—
“ Out upon the Old and Wrong,
“ Welcome to the New and Right.

“ Thou hast felt oppression’s grasp,
“ Thou hast known the curse of kings,
“ Known and heard of kings o’erthrown ;
“ Strive, then, to thy dying gasp
“ For the good that Freedom brings,
“ For the good to slaves unknown.

“Cast the Tyrant to the earth,
“From his shadow free thy land,
“With the warm blood of thy veins
“Consecrate the glorious birth
“Of the Spirit whose command
“Shall release thy limbs from chains.”

Heated by the witching strain,
Maddened by the sense of wrong,
From its sheath her sword is drawn,
Boldly drawn, yet drawn in vain ;
Little may it speed the dawn
Of the good time worshipped long.

Crowned heads may crownless lie,
Ermined tyrants rule no more ;
But what boots it, if in place
Of their senseless tyranny
Charlatans, 'midst floods of gore,
Work the National disgrace ?

What avails it, though the Form,
Like a player's vesture, change,
If the Spirit is the same ?
Who would rouse Rebellion's storm,
Who through countless systems range,
But to gain the best—in name ?

A Sketch from Nature.

It is a leafy grove of trees
That link their knotted boughs on high,
Forming a shady canopy,
A green cathedral, where the breeze,
The pleasant breeze that all day long
Hath wandered in the sultry heat,
Comes after sunset to repeat
At Nature's shrine its even song
In concert with the wandering stream,
That roving from the hills among
Laves the moss-guarded banks, where teem
The flowers that woo no sunny gleam,
But evermore their petals close
And droop, as they were hushed in deep repose.

THE END.



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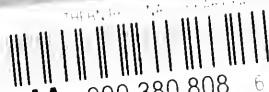
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